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PART I. "Toro! Toro!" shouted the crowd. "Bravo, Toro!"

And a thurder of applause rent the air. It was the first bull fight of the season. All Madrid was there. The scene was dazzling in its wealth of light and color. Canopled by the deep blue sky, the jewels of the grand ladles, the bright kerchiefs of the poorer women and the profusion of flowers, worn by high and low alike, glittered and glowed in the brilliant sunshine. The tumult of voices, the rattling of fans, the constant movement, as with cries and gestures the spectators urged on the performers in their daring feats, made a bewildering uproar which batiles description. Popular ex-

eltement grew as the Corrida proceeded. The first three bulls were dispatched without any unusual incident, and a fourth was about to be led into the arena. The roar of voices subsided into a surging murmur, above which the creaking and groaning of the great door of the ganado as it pushed open for the bull to enter was distinctly audible. Then a breathless silence fell on the vast mult.tude, and a scuffling and tramping was heard, which drew nearer and near-er till it became a steady thud of hoofs, and a huge black bull galloped into the arena. The spectators greeted him with a loud, inhuman yell; he tossed his head proudly and pawed up the ground as he looked de-flantly around, lashing his glossy sides with his tail. A splendid creature, standing there alone, surrounded by his enemies. Then, with a haughty bellow, he lowered his head

and charged the rearest picador.

In a few minutes it became apparent that this bull was what is called in Toro slang resabido—i. e., a bull which charges with his eyes open. Such bulls make the bull ment to make his spring. He laughed fight a contest of life and death for the toreros.

Again and again he cleared the arena, the toreros again and again he cleared the arena, light to work to make his spring. He laughed scornfully as Manuela spoke.

"Dead! Not he! These fellows are made of gutta percha. Besides, if he were, what light to you?"

the toreros saving themselves by escaping behind the eight-foot barrier which sur-rounds the bull ring, the wretched horses lying dead or dying on the blood-stained

The plebeian portion of the audience were wrought to a state of frenzy; even the fine ladies and gentlemen in the boxes threw aside their affectation of well-bred indifference, and, rising, leaned forward, waving their handkerchiefs and fans. It was felt that some fatal accident must occur unless the bull were soon killed. A foreign prince sitting beside the king grew nervous and in a whisper begged him to give the signal for the animal to receive its coup de grace. But King Alfonzo hesitat-ed. His indecision was ended by the ap-pearance of a torero who had not yet shown himself, and who now strolled for-ward from one of the side entrances and walked across the arena. A thrill went through the whole assembly and every eye was fixed on him. The climax of the bull fight hel arrived.

Guapito, the first espada of Spain, was about to pit himself against the best bull of this or many previous seasons. The bull was in possession of the arena, and was flinging his huge bulk against the barrier over which a flying banderillere had just escaped. The wooden palisade cracked and rocked as he re-newed the attack again and again. If not diverted the animal might overthrow it and get amongst the spectators, an accident which has occasionally happened with ex-ceptionally ferocious bulls.

Bright as a butterfly, his close-fitting cos-

tume of crimson satin laced with gold setting off his well-knit figure, Guapito went quietly behind the bull and seized him by the tail. The infuriated beast turned briskhis puny assailant in surprise. The espada placed his hand on his hip and waited. Then a tumult arose to which all the previous hubbub had been as nothing; the excitement which had been growing spreading from person to person in that vast assembly since the beginning of the corrida new burst forth and madness possessed them; feeble old men caught in the vertex bent themselves double and stretching their fists toward the bull shrieked ferth curses; little children flung their forth curses; little children flung their arms in the air and screamed; ladies sent their fans and bouquets, men their hats, skimming into the arena, moved by an insane impulse compelling them to some

action, however absurd. In the meantime, perfectly unmoved by the uproar, Guapito was watching the bull, and gradually the noise died away and every eye was strained and every muscle stiffened, as the audience watched the trial of skill between man and beast, which is

the acme of ball-fighting science.

As the bull advanced Guapito retreated, now leaping lightly to this side, now bounding to that, acmetimes watting till the animal's horns were within a few inches of mai's horns were within a few inches of his side, when with a twist on his heel he would avoid them by a hair's breadth, and placing his hand on the creature's back, as it thundered past, vault over it only to run swiftly on and place himself again to run swiftly on and place himself again in its path. These and many other feats he displayed, the audience showing their appreciation of the dangerous game by alternate shouts of: "Brave! Guapite!" Brave! Toro!" which rang out as one or other gained a momentary advantage. Suddenly a man who was leaning over the barriers, following the contest with concentrated attention, was observed to cry out and wave his arms in excited gesticulation. Guapito had his back to him, and was walking slowly backward waiting for the bull to charge; he was, therefore, unaware of the danger against which the man tried to warn him. By some unprecedented care-lessness the broken end of a picador's lance had been left lying among the carefully raked sand of the arena.

"Cuidado!" shouted the man. But as he called, the bull charged, Gua-pito stepped backward, put his foot on the obstacle, slipped, made a frantic endeavor to recover his balance, and the next instant was raised aloft on the horns of the brute and flung, a shapeless heap, half across the arena. At that moment every soul in the plaza was on foot; the bull rushed on to renew the attack. But even as Guapito tripped, two toreros had run out from bebind the barrier, and now, acting together, the first flung his cloak over Guapito's prostrate form, while the other, swooping forward like some bright-plumaged bird, passed and repassed swiftly between the



Flung a Shapeless Heap Half Across

bull and his belpless victim. The animal became confused, and letting his attention be diverted from his first object, he pursued the flying meteor across the arena; while he did so, two chulos rushed out and catch-ing up the senseless body of the espada, here him swiftly into a place of safety.

A great gasp of relief went round the plaza and then a hum of many voices arcse, discussing, questioning, exclaiming. behind the scenes to inquire for the torero; an accident which would be a serious blow to these young gentlemen, just at the beginning of the season. An aficionado, I may explain, is the Spanish equivalent fo a turf or racing man in England, only with the difference that the bull, not the horse, is the animal which affords him sport.
"A girl has fainted in the Velasco's palco," said one of these young men to another. "Who is she? It is not good form to show feeling of that sort about a tore-

"It is Manuela Velasco, Don Christobal's nlece. She knows nothing of our usages, having been educated in England, where her father was secretary to our embassy. They have no bull fights there, you know." Mary Lovelt Cameron

"Por Dios! What a country! I always thought those English were lying when they boasted of their civilization. But tell me more of this niece of Don Christobal's, Paco. She is lovely. What a skin! What

Author of 'At a moorish Window: &c,

eyes! What-" "Stop, my good fellow; don't fail head over cars in love with her; she has a novio already. They say she is engaged to Ra-mon San Miguel. It is not yet publicly announced, as there is a hitch somewhere, though what it is no one can make out, for Ramon is desperately in love with her."
"Fastidiosa! That is always the way with me. I am never soon enough in the field. Is that San Miguel in the back of the pales?"

"No; that is Fausto, Don Christobal's "No; that is Fausto, Don Christobal's sen; he is also in love with his cousin and furiously jealous of Ramon. You see, I know all the family news, as Gloria Velasco is my novia."

"Yes, yes, that is an old story. But Dona Manuela had better take care; it will not do to try any English flirting ways on our treen here. They will not stand it, and we

rien here. They will not stand it, and we shall have some blood-letting if she plays fast and loose with Spaniards. When does she return to London?"

"Never. Her parents are dead, and she has come to live with her uncle. She has no other near relatives. I believe there was a brother, but he is dead."

While this conversation was going on.

the girl in the Velasco's palco, or box, had recovered herself, and, turning from her aunt, who was offering salts and eau de cologne, she said to Fausto Velasco: "Go,

cologne, she said to Fausto Velasco: "Go, I entreat. Ask how he is. He may be dead. Ah! how fearful!"

And she hid her face in her hands.

Fausto was watching her intently. He was a slight young man, rather below the middle height, and dark even for a Spaniard: there was a stealthy catalike grace. emiddle height, and dark even for a Span-iard; there was a stealthy, cat-like grace in his movements and a curious veiled glance in his black eyes, unpleasantly sug-gestive of a tiger waiting a convenient mo-

Manuela turned from deadly pale to crim-"You forget I am not used to your cruel

Gloria, who had been half listening, now

turned. "Don't tease, Fausto. Go and ask. I want to know, and so do you, whether any of Guapito's bones are broken. He is not



killed, be sure, but he may be laid up for some time, and that would be a pity."
"Why is not San Miguel here to run errands for his novia?" grumbled Fausto, moving off, however.
Ramon hates bull fights," murmured
Manuela, "and so do I." "Yet you go to all, primita mia. Why is that?" asked Fausto, mockingly. "If you don't like them, why not stay away, as

Ramon does?"
Again Manuela colored, but she made no

PART II.

The evening after the bull fight was Dona Bianca Velasco's tertulia, or evening at home. That lady was reposing her ample form after the fatigues of the day in a rocking chair, awaiting her guests in a state of semi-somnolence. Gloria and Manuela were seated on low seats near the window, talking. Manuela's face bore an expression of great sweetness, and at the same time a sadness, which might be accounted for by the fact that death had deprived her of her nearest relations, and she had come almost a stranger to her

father's native land.

She had been devotedly fond of her only brother, Rafael, a wild scapegrace, who, some years previously, after getting into a more than ordinarily serious scrape in Lor don, joined the Carlists in the north o Spain, and had fallen in one of the name less skirmishes which were features in that

The conversation of the girls was inter rupted by the entrance of Fausto with Paco Ramirez.

"What news of Guapito?" asked Gloria. "Good. He is bruised and shaken and one thigh is somewhat torn, but he will be well before the carnival," replied Fausto. "This comes of having bull fights out of season. If the first bull fight of the season had been on Easter day, as is natural and proper, this accident could never have "It is the fault of that Italian prince: h

desired particularly to see one and could not stay here any longer," said Gloria. 'Let him be content with novillos,' grumbled Paco, who, as an aficionado, resented anything not completely "en regle in a bull fight.

Ramon San Miguel now came in, and sit-

ting down beside Manuela, spoke to her in a low veice. "They tell me you nearly fainted at th riney ten me you hearly fainted at the corrida, Manuelita: I wish you would refuse to witness that cruel sport."
"My aunt and cousin go. I do not like to be singular," said Manuela, with an air

of confusion "Alma mia! Everyone knows I never go to them, and in Spain a girl who is seen in than one who refuses to go to bull fights. "It is a terrible fascination-you understand-you do not know-" i

"No, indeed, I do not know, I wish I did," said Ramon, gravely. As the Velasco's carriage turned into the

Prado the first day of the carnival, a black velvet mask in a plumed hat sprang lightly on the step.
"Senoritas mias!" cried he, offering a box of bonbons to the girls. "I had almost given you up and gone off with the wife of the Japanese ambassador. What have you done with Paco, Gloria? And la Inglesita, where is her novio? Look how sad and silent she sits! Shall I fetch Ramon, Manuela?" Manuela, who was not used to the boundless license allowed to masks in car-

Gloria, however, was quite in her element, and answered for her: "Yes, yes, go and fetch our novios, since you are so ungallant as to desire their

'Not I," replied the Black Mask, who had now opened the carriage door and seated himself on the edge of the seat beside Man-"I am quite content to keep the two prettiest girls on the Paseo to myself. Ah! Rafael Velasco recovered, but he never well aimed!" as Gloria, taking a handful of bon bons, threw them at a masked estudianas Guapito, the Espada. The discovery of tina who stood thrumming a guitar on the edge of the foot path. He immediately left career as torero. That this would be the off thrumming, slung his guitar on his back, and ran after them. At the same moment a devil, all in scarlet, with a long tail, which he held in his hand and kept waving to and fro, climbed up the barouche from the back and sprawled in the hood, just behind Manuela and Dona Banca, who occupied the front seat. They did not perceive him, but Gloria, sitting with her back to the horses, did, and was about to exclaim, when he union. made an imperative sign of silence, and she paused, not wishing to spoil sport if some fun were intended. In the meantime the estudiantina, in whom she had recognized her novio Paco, overtook them, and, chat-tering with him, she forgot to pay any more attention to the devil. The Black Mask was looking straight in Manuela's face; she cast her eyes down and played with her fan; he bent nearer and nearer; and as he did so the scarlet hood of the devil crept closer to them over the back of the carriage. Suddenly

from the lips of the Black Mask came the words, spoken for her alone: "This evening at 8, behind the Zarzuela theater, as usual." Manuela started violently and turned toward the Black Mask with opening lips, but he sprang to the ground as soon as the words were out of his mouth and was lost in the crowd. At the same moment the scarlet devil slipped down behind the carriage, and, dodging in and out among the horses' heads, crossed to the opposite side of the Prado, and disappeared.

That evening Manuela stood in her room after dinner; over her head she had thrown a lace mantilla, the folds of which she held together in front with one hand; she was listening, but all was quiet in the house. The servants were at supper, Dona Blancs and Gloria, reclining, half asleep, in rock-



This evening at eight, behind the

Zarzuela theater. ing chairs, were resting after the fatigues of the day. Fausto and her uncle had gone out to the cafe. The coast was clear; she left the room, sped along the corridor and found herself at the head of a little stair-case leading to the garden. The Velasco's house was an old one, and behind it lay a large neglected garden, in which trees and shrubs, growing in tangled confusion, had, in some parts, almost blocked up the winding footpaths. On three sides it was sur-rounded by the walls of houses, painted in fresco in the old Spanish fashion; on the fourth, a high wall separated it from the back of the Zarzuela, or Opera Comique from which scraps and strains of music floated, as the performance went on. Toward this end of the garden Manuela hur-ried, pushing aside the branches of the shrubs, which almost blocked up the approach to an old door in the wall. It was evidently rarely used, for its bolts were rusty, and was so completely overgrown by greenery as to be quite unnoticeable to any one who was unaware of its existence Manuela drew back the heavy bolts and went out. She found herself in a little plot of waste land, not more than a dozen yards square, lying between the back of the theaer and the garden wall. It led nowhere and the garden wall. It led howhere, and no windows looked on it: a more secluded spot for a secret meeting could not be imagined. A man was there already, leaning against the wall, masked and wrapped in a cloak. As she appeared he turned toward her. It was the Black Mask of the carnival. He sprang forward, took both her hands in his, and, drawing her to him, embraced her. What they would have done next can never be known, for round the angle of the theater appeared another man. Manuela started back, speechless, against the wall, as she recognized Ramon San Miguel. Without casting a glance at her, he advanced straight on the Black Mask. "Draw, and defend yourself, if you do not wish to be killed like a dog," he hissed be-

tween his teeth, and from beneath the folds of his cleak flashed the point of a rapier.

"Ramon, Ramon! Stop; let me speak."
But she was too late Before the words were out of Manuela's mouth the Black Mask had sprung back, and with marvelous quickness, by one turn of his left arm, had wrapped his cloak round it to act as a guard, while with the other he drew his long navaja from his belt. One or two passes were excharged with the rapidity of lightning, but the Black Mask had no chance from the first; he only sought to parry the thrusts of his enemy, whereas Ramon sought his life bleed. A few moments and he sank to the ground, trans-fixed by the rapier of San Miguel, and Manuela, with a piercing shriek, flung herself upon the lifeless body. The black mask had fallen off. It was the Espada, Guapito! For an instant San Miguel stood with hor-ror and grief painted on his face, looking at the prostrate form at his feet; then he turn ed and fled from the scene as if pursued by thousand demons.

Manuela sprang to her feet and looked wildly around; a figure glided out from the corner of the theater, whence he had ap-parently vatched the fight, and stood be-

He was quivering from head to foot:

fiendish triumph gleamed in his flashing truth to her. The tiger had sprung, his prey lay before them.
"Maldito! It was you in your vile jeal-



Few Moments and He Went to the Ground Transfixed.

then, that you are the murderer of your cousin, of my unhappy brother Rafael."

Fausto turned deadly pale. He saw his diabolical scheme of vengeance recoiling on his own head; he staggered back against the wall, and for a moment all swam be-fore his eyes. Manuela rushed past him into the garden, cailing for help. For a mo-ment he was alone in the little waste space, with the body of Rafael lying a few feet from him. Close by lay the long navaja which had fallen from the torero's nerveless hand. He stooped and picked it up; here was an escape from the fearful position to which his curbless jealousy had brought him. He had just raised the weap-on to a level with his heart when a tall, dark figure appeared in the doorway leading to the garden, and a deep voice cried: "Hold, impious boy. What is this? Blood! Murder! Is there not enough harm done stready that you must seek to add another

sock and shovel hat of a priest advanced to Fausto and took the knife from his hand. It was Don Gregorio, the family chaplain, who, taking his evening walk in the gar-den, had been attracted by Manuela's cries. He turned to the body and bent over it. "He is not dead. Take his feet while I lift his head," he said, imperiously. Fausto obeyed mechanically, and between them they bore the body into the garden. "Lay him here. I hear voices. Manuela is bringing help from the house," said the priest. "Now come with me," and, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder with nival time in Spain, was rather taken aback; the squeaky voice close to her ear, the uncanny eyes glaring out of the eye holes in the mask half frightened her. This unlooked-for ending to the resistance. This unlooked-for ending to the scheme of revenge which his jealous madness had given birth to seemed to have crushed the life out of him. Three strong passions rule the Spanish breast—love, re-

> he felt himself passive in the hands of the as Guapito, the Espada. The discovery of his kinship with Don Christobal ended his secrecy from his sister so solemn that she dared not reveal the truth even to the man she loved. Now, however, that the secret had come out, by means of Fausto's treachery, an explanation took place between the lovers, and what the jealous rival had hoped would forever separate Manuela and Ramon became the means of their

venge and religious zeal; of these, the two first had turned to venom in his blood, and

The morning after the encounter between Rafael and Ramon Fausto set out on a journey with Don Gregorio. No one knew for certain what became of him, but in a Trappist monastery, high up among the Pyrenees, a monk, renowned for his austerwhich gleamed through the covering which hid the face of Brother Antonio from the world forever were strangely like those of the Scarlet Devil of the carnival.

## COLORED DOCTORS

Facilities Provided for Medical Students at Freedman's Hospital.

GRADUATES' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

Training School for Nurses and Other Modern Devices.

PROGRESSIVE METHODS

Some time next month, or the one followng, the first graduation exercises of the training school for nurses attached to the Freedmen's Hospital will be held. Upon that occasion it is expected that not less than twenty members of the school will receive 'diplomas. The school was established in October, 1894, by Dr. Daniel H. Williams, the surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, who recognized the fact that the physician must depend almost as much upon the nurse as upon his medicines.

He had in mind the advancement of the young people of his own race by opening to the many capable young colored women graduated yearly from the public schools of the District, and against many of whom nearly every avenue of lucrative employment is closed, a new industrial opportu-

At present the school has forty young women in training, and a more intelligent and brighter and prepossessing number it would be difficult to find. The superintendent of the school is Miss Sarah C. Ebersole, a graduate of the Illinois Training School for Nurses, and to her is largely due the complete success which so far has attend-

ed this institution.

When Dr. Williams assumed charge of the hospital, he discovered that there was no ambulance service. Convinced that such a modern convenience should be enjoyed by every modern hospital, especially by one situated in a city of the size of Washington, where so many emergency cases arise, he determined to at once es-tablish such a service. There were no funds for such a purpose, but the doctor found an old grocery wagon and borrowed t horse and light harness, and soon had in service a simple but effective ambulance. then, by saving funds here and there, he shortly afterward had a sufficient amount to purchase a modernly equipped ambu-lance, and since July last, when it was first placed in use, it has been of great value. it has answered, day and night, from fifty to sixty-five emergency calls a month. In connection with the ambulance service, improved facilities for giving prompt attention to all emergency cases have been completed, a special ward having been fitted up, and a special detail of internes and nurses having been made for affording inmediate relief to those cases, and in two minutes from the time of the arrival of the ambulance at the hospital everything is in readiness for the treatment of the patient

System of Internes. Another important and valuable feature of hospital work established by Dr. Williams is a system of internes, a corps of young graduates from various medical schools, to assist in the work of the institution. These young men are given temporary residence within the hospital, and assigned to duties in all the many wards of the hospital and in every branch of its professional work. In this way there is a mutual benefit, the hospital is relieved of the necessity of keeping on its pay rolls a large number of practicing physicians, who can give but a small part of their time to the regular work of the hospital, and the

young graduates get the benefit of a varied and valuable experience along the line of their profession. Freedman's Hospital in this way offers colored medical graduates an opportunity for advancement said to be given them by but one other hospital in this coun-try, Provident Hospital, Chicago. The syshere has proven a great success, and the intention of Dr. Williams to appoint annually, through competitive exam inations, as many internes as possible, the appointment to be for one year, and to carry with it a small allowance for personal ex-

Origin of the Rospital.

It was during the last years of the war that this hospital was established, as an asylum in many ways for the very large number of negroes fleeing from the southern states. Sickness and disease naturally prevailed among them, and the hospital became an absolute necessity. First located in that section of the city known as Le Droit Park, it was removed to its present site in 1860. At first its facilities for carrying on hospital work were exceedingly limited, because of the slight assistance afforded by Congress.

But the demands upon it increased rapidly, and gradually its means were enlarged and its facilities improved.

When the hospital was originally established it was presided over by a white physician, assisted by a corps of white physicians. It is extremely doubtful if even one sufficiently educated and skilled negro physician could then have been found. But today, and as has been the case for several years past, a negro presides over the institution as surgeon-in-chief. Not only that, but many of his assistants have been and are negroes of educated and accom-plished skill, their associates in the conduct of the hospital being white physicians of unusual skill, learning and standing.

The Surgeon-in-Chief.

The present surgeon-in-chief of the hospital is Daniel H. Williams, who was born at Hollidaysburgh, Pa., January 18, 1858. He attended the Janesville (Wis.) High School, graduating from the Classical Academy there in 1878. Two years later he commenced the study of medicine there under Surgeon Gereral Henry Palmer. He attended three courses of lectures at the Chicago Medical School, from which he graduated March 28, 1883, being forced to rely on his own exertions for his profes-sional education. He located permanently in Chicago, and from 1884 to 1892 was sur-geon to the South Side Dispensary.

From 1890 to 1893 he was surgeon to Provident Hospital, and was appointed sur-geon-in-chief of Freedman's Hospital by the Secretary of the Interior February 18 1894. Dr. Williams is a member of the American Medical Association, of the IIinois State Medical Society, of the Chicago Medical Society, and of the Ninth International Medical Coagress. He was also member of the Illinois state board of health from 1889 to 1893. Because of sickness, Dr. Williams did not assume persona charge of Freedman's Hospital until September, 1894, but he at once adopted th policy of progress and improvement pur-sued by his predecessor, Dr. C. B. Purvis. Only Modern Methods.

The practice of surgery under Dr. Wil liams' administration has made rapid strides at the hospital, and every Sunday afternoon, in the finely equipped amphitheater of the hospital, the most difficult of operations are performed in the presence of physicians and students. Then there is another operating room, as finely equipped and even better lighted, where abdominal surgery only is done. Formerly, the patients were required to be carried to the operating room through the open air, but Dr. Williams has built a covered areaway, through which the patients are wheeled on modern carriages. Of course, only
modern methods are employed in the hospital, and under the improvements made by
Dr. Williams the mortality has been reduced during the past two years from fitteen to twenty per cent. The average number of patients in the hospital is about
250 the year round, and about one-third of 250 the year round, and about one-third of them are white, a statement which doubt will surprise those persons who imagine that only colored people are treated at the hospital. Of course, as is the case with all modern hospitals, both indoor and outside patients are treated; 9,332 patients were treated at the hospital during the year ending June 30, 1895. Unfortunately, the different wards of the and the patients' lives are thereby con-stantly endangered by fire. It is the hope of Dr. Williams and his staff that Congress will make provision for the erection of sul stantial brick fire-proof buildings. The following comprise the hospital staff: Consulting staff—Physician, Thomas B. Hood, M. D.; obstetrician, Thomas C.

Smith, M. D.; gynecologist, J. Taber Johnson, M. D.
Attending staff—Physicians, John Brackett, M. D.; G. N. Perry, M. D.; S. R. Watts, M. D.; Thomas Martin, M. D.; Louis P. Smith, M. D. Surgeons, Daniel H. Williams, M. D., Surgeons, Daniel H. Williams, M. D.; N. F. Graham, M. D. Obstetriolans, John R. Francis, M. D.; E. F. King, M. D. Gynecologists, F. J. Shadd, M. D.; Julia R. Hall, M. D. Dermatologists and genitor-urinary diseases, Robert Reyburn, M. D. Ophthalmologist and otologists and genitor-urinary diseases, Robert Reyburn, M. D. Ophthalmologist and otologists, E. Oliver Belt, M. D. Bacteriologist, W. W. Alleger, M. D. Pathologists, D. S. Lamb, M. D.; J. M. Lamb, M. D.
House staff—Deniel H. Williams, M. D., surgeon-in-chief.
Internes—Jackson B. Shepard, M. D.; William A. Warfield, M. D.; James C. Erwin, M. D.; Henry W. Furniss, M. D.; Charles I. West, M. D. Superintendent of training school for nurses, Miss Sarah C. Ebersole. Pharmacit. Robott Tyles Discontinuation.

training school for nurses, Miss Sarah C. Ebersole. Pharmacist, Robert Tyler, Phar. D. Matron, Mrs. Mary J. Brown. Clerk, George W. Johnson.

A WAR STORY.

Lived After a Handkerchief Was Drawn Through His Bedy. From the Chicago Times-Herald. "They are flanking the brigade and charg-

ing the battery." The words were uttered by an officer who had sufficiently recovered from the stunning a gunshot wound had given him to raise his head and reply to the salutation of his brigade commander. It took place on the field of Antietam, early in the day, and the man who spoke was Edward S. Bragg, then heutenant colonel commanding a regiment. A builet had struck his arm, initicting a painful wound, paralyzing it. Gen. John Gibbon, the origade commander,

was riding rapidly to give directions to the battery when he saw Col. bragg lift up his head. "Old man, are you hurt? You are head. "Old man, are you hurt? You are very white," said Gibbon.
"No! They are fianking the brigade and charging the battery."
It was one of those occasions when a lieuteman coloral presented.

tenant colonel presumed to give directions to his general. walk to the field hospital. Surgeon Bartlett and Bragg had often bantered each other. When Bartlett saw the colonel he said: "So you have come to see me; have been expect-ing all the morning to be called upon to am-

putate your head. What is the matter, colonel?"
"I don't know. If I did I wouldn't come here. I want to find out."
"Where were you hit?"

"In the arm. Can't you see?"
"Is it broken?"
"You are paid to tell me whether it is

troken."
The doctor took the limp, helpless, hurt arm, felt of it hurriedly, and said: if any other man in the army had been hat as you were he would have had a broken arm, but your arm isn't broken."
"Thank you. Tie this handkerchief around my neck and hitch it to my hurt arm, doc-

"I am going back to the regiment."

What are you going to do?"

"Better let me dress your wound first."
"Never mind the wound; you can dress that tomorrow," and the plucky little war-rior, who more than earned all of his ranks from private to brigadier, rejoined his fighting and dreadfully decimated regiment. On the way back the colonel saw a may of the way back the coloner saw a man of his old company. "Hello, Nick. What's the matter?"

"I am shot, colonel; I'm going to die."

"No, Gaffney, you are not going to die."

Let me see your wound." The boy pointed to a blue spot on his preast. "You're all right, chicken." Then

the colonel put his hand over the wound "Take a long breath." Poor Nick took long breath, but it hurt him like the cut of a knife, and the colonel's hand was covered with blood. The shot had struck him in the breast and gone clear through. In telling of the incident years afterward, Gen. Bragg said: "I told the poor fellow he was all right, but I didn't believe it. I didn't see then how a fellow shot through the lung could survive."

Nick Gaffney is still living and apparently a strong man. The surgeon drew a silk handkerchief through his body soon after he went to the hospital. It makes you shudder, doesn't it? It made poor Nick Gaffney wince, but he uttered no sound. Col. Bragg remained with his regiment the balance of the day, but when the battle was over the reaction came and he had to give

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

"Nicking," as Supplemental to "Docking," is Prosecuted by the S. P. C. A. From the London News.

"Nicking" horses was described by the witness in a case heard before the Wakefield magistrates as a "matter of fashion," but it appears to be something more than that-at least to the horses. Nicking is a process supplemental to what is known as "docking," and is intended to cause horses tails, or rather the stumps thereof which remain after docking, to "stand out, smart erect and perky enough to make them look fashionable."

In the case in question four animals were stated to have been cast on straw while one or incisions in the muscles under the tail of each. The animals were then placed in ment of Gen. Sherman, November 1, 1883, stalls padded on each side with bags or and occupied it continuously until just besacks of straw to prevent them from lying down, while their tails were plaited with straw, and a rope attached to this was carstraw, and a rope attached to this was carried up to the ceiling and passed over a pulley. A three or four pound weight was then suspended from the other end of the rope, with the object of holding the tails of the horses erect and perpendicular.

Further it appeared that the horses were to be kept in this position for three weeks; but, fortunately for them, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals heard of the business. One witness declared that the legs of the horses that have been nicked have been known to swell in one week almost to the size of their bodies. On the question of crueity, experts were, as usual, called upon both sides; but the Wakefield magistrates found the defendants guilty.

f7 1s. 6d. in the shape of costs.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mrs. Weatherwax-"I den't see where all the money comes from for these wars they are carrying on all over the earth" Mr. Weatherwax-"I don't know myself but seems to me that the map publishers

and inflicted in each case a fine of £6, with

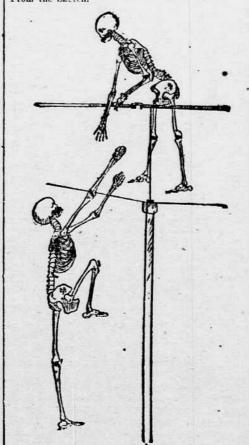
Did Her Best.

orter put up some of it, anyway.

From Puck.

Mrs. Hiram Daly (engaging cook)-"How are you on fancy dishes?" Bridget Brittleware-"Just as alsy as Oi can be, mum. But the plaguey things will break sometimes."

A Roentgen Romeo. From the Sketch.



"Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

## GRATEFUL CITIZENS

Military Heroes Who Have Been Remembered by the People.

HOMES FOR THEIR FAMILIES

The Houses Presented to Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

TO REWARD GENERAL MILES

Republics may be ungrateful, but the same cannot truthfully be said of their citizens. When the rebellion was eventually suppressed, the entire Union arose in a spontaneous outburst of gratitude to the soldiers who had contributed to that result. Grant, Eherman and Sheridan were the military heroes of the time, and the people thought nothing too good for them. Soon after the surrender of the confederate forces at Appomattox, in April, 1865, Gen. Grant, then commander-in-chief of the army, established his headquarters at Washington, and took up his residence in Douglass row, on the morth side of I street between 2d and 3d streets, at that time a much more fashionable quarter of the city than it is at present. The house was formerly the residence of the distinguished gentleman after whom the row was named. It was a large, square brick structure, and at that period was one of the finest dwell-ing houses in the city. During the war it was used as a government hospital, and was known as the Douglass Hospital. It was presented to Gen. Grant in fee

simple, completely and elegantly furnished throughout by a number of public-spirited citizens, chief among whom was Mr. A. T. Stewart, at that time the dry goods' king of New York, who quickly raised the sum of \$100,000 by popular subscription to make the purchase and provide the necessary cutfit. Gen. Grant and his family occupied this house from 1865 until his inauguration as President in March, 1869, made it necessary for them to change their place of residence to the White House.

Bought for Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Sherman then succeeded to the command of the army, and it became necessary for him to take up his residence here. The occasion was improved by his grateful countrymen to do for him as they had done for Gen. Grant. A popular subscription was opened to buy him a home. A sum aggregating nearly \$100,000 was raised in a few weeks, some of the largest con-tributions coming from those who had previously subscribed to the Grant fund. A committee was appointed to select a residence, and they unanimously agreed upon the property that had been previously deeded to Gen. Grant. Overtures were made for its purchase from Gen. Grant at his own violation. his own valuation. He fixed a price en-tirely satisfactory to the committee, and the bargain was closed without unnecesthe bargain was closed without unnecessary delay. The purchase included everything about the premises, with the exception of a fine library, consisting of several hundred valuable works, which had been presented to Gen. Grant by the citizens of

Boston.

The house was too large for the family of Gen. Sherman, and he had it remodeled into two dwellings, one of which he occu-pled himself and the other of which he rented to his personal friend, Gen. Glies Smith. Gen. Sherman made this house his home for about three years. During this time a serious difference of opinion arose between himself and Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War, as to his rights and duties as commander-in-chief of the army, the result of which was the transfer of the head-quarters of the army to St. Louis.

A St. Louis Home.

The residents of that city had great admiration for the hero of the march to the sea, and they signalized his advent among them by presenting him with a fine residence on Garrison avenue, in the best part of the city. His residence in Washington was purchased at that time by its present occupant, ex-Mayor Matthew G. Emery. Not long after his incumbency of the office of President, Gen. Grant was presented with an elegant cottage at Long Branch, not far from the cottage at Elberon, where President Garfield died several years after. This property was also the gift of citizens, most of them residents of Philadelphia. Mr. George W. Childs and Mr. Drexel, the tanker, were the principal contributors to

Gen. Sheridan's Home.

Gen. Sheridan's former home in Washington is one of the landmarks of the city. It stands on a terrace on the north side of Rhode Island avenue at the corner of 17th street. He took possession of it with his charming family when he came here to assure command of the army, on the retirefore his death, in August, 1888. It is a occupied by Judge Aldis. It was pur-chased and presented to Gen. Sheridan by twenty-four of his admirers in Chicago each of whom subscribed \$2,000 for the purpese. The chief promoters of the move ment were Messrs. Samuel Johnson, Anson Stager, George Sturgis, J. K. Fisher, E. S. Phelps and George M. Pullman. They came here prior to Gen. Sheridan's arrival and secured an option on the house from Judge Aldis on a \$45,000 basis. Returning to Chicago they reported what they had done, and the amount necessary was raised in a single day, with an excess of \$3,000 for incidentals. The bargain was clinched, and when Gen. Sheridan reported in this city for duty, he was handed a deed to the preperty made out in his name. He was completely taken aback, as the entire transaction had been conducted quietly and without his knowledge, and it was some time before he was able to make suitable

acknowledgments.
History shows that popular recognition of History shows that popular recognition of great military services has usually manifested itself in the donation of places of residence. "Strathfield" was donated to the Duke of Wellington, and "Blenheim" to the Duke of Marlborough, on account of their great military achievements, and the example seems to have been followed in this great military achievements, and the example seems to have been followed in this country. With this improtant difference, however: The special gifts to the British heroes were made by act of parliament, while those awarded to the three military because of the war of the rebellion were the heroes of the war of the rebellion were the voluntary contributions of the citizens of the republic. The popular movements which resulted in the gifts of residences to Gen-erals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan had their inspiration in the fact that they had staked all their interests in the preservation of the Union, and were individually too poor at the close of the great struggle to pur-chase homes for their families.

Gen. Hancock's Widow Cared For. Another instance of this kind of popular recognition of the services of another hero of the war is afforded in the case of Gen. Hancock. He left his widow in comparatively poor circumstances, and no sooner was this fact known than his friends quietly raised a fund and purchased for her a fine piece of improved property on R street, at the corner of 21st street, in this city, thereby enabling her to pass her last days in ease and comfort, and without worry for the future. Since her death, a few years ago, this house has been successively occupied by Assistant Secretary Doe of the War Department and other tenants. War Department and other tenants.

The Movement for Gen. Miles.

The revival of these reminiscences is occasioned by the pending movement for the donation of a residence in this city to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, the present commanderin-chief of the army, in recognition of the services he has rendered his country. This movement originated with the National Society of New England Women, and is said to have met with popular favor in that section of the country. The society named has gone about the work in carnest, and has appointed a committee, with Mrs. Helen Joslin Tansley at its head, to solicit Helen Josin Tansley at its head, to solicit subscriptions. The plan of raising a popular fund for the benefit of Gen. Miles is said to have had its inception in the fact that he spent all the money he had in the world and what he could borrow from friends to organize a volunteer company for the defendant. friends to organize a volunteer company for the defense of the Union at the very outbreak of the war. For the equipment of this company he paid out his entire sav-ings of \$1,000, and \$2,000 more which he



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant efforts-rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual dis-ease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative. Syrup of Figs. prompt-ly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its bene-ficial effects, to note when you perchase, that you have the genuine arti-cle, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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convalescentsl Is pure and unsweetened and can be retained by the weakest stomach.

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! my18-s John Carle & Sons, New York.

borrowed from friends. Notwithstanding the company was organized solely by his efforts and through his expenditures, the governor of the other man as its captain on the ground that Miles was too young and inexper-ienced for such a responsible position. He was commissioned a first lieutenant, however, and subsequently gained promotion exceptionally gallant service in the field. Never since, however, has he been reimbursed for the personal expense he incurred in the recruiting and equipment of his first company, and it is understood that the present movement for the purchase of a home for him in this city was primarily instituted merely to make good the money he had personally contributed to the cause of the Union.

A Burglar Strangely Trapped.

From the Philadelphia Times, During the severely cold weather in Janua ary just past Tip Burbank, a neterious robber, went out alone one night to make a raid on the First National Bank of Fort Benton, Mont. His plan was to enter through a window at the rear of the building, to make his way through the room and offices back, finally working his way to the vault. An iron grating protected this window. The night was intensely cold, and the streets were like glass, a heavy snow two weeks previous having melted as it fell and then frozen smooth and hard. While Tip was filing the first bar of the grating his foot slipped, throwing him forward violently against the window. luck would have it, the fall jerked his mouth open, forcing his tongue between his lips, fairly freezing it to the icy iron bar.
All efforts to release himself were in vain,
as nothing short of pulling his tongue out
by the roots would have effected this, and
he could not bring himself to do it. A watchman making his rounds found him a half hour later almost dead with cold. Tip is alive and safely housed in jail now but his tongue will never wag again. It is completely and hopelessly paralyzed.

Vindicated.

"This last night's burglary," said the chief of police to the great detective, "is one of the strangest affairs I ever heard of. The money was taken from the safe with-

out the lock being tampered with." "Ah, I can explain that," said the great detective. "The burglars used X rays in-stead of the old-fashioned drill to penetrate the safe, and when the door had become invisible, seized the booty and escaped." "Sleuth," cried the chief, "you are worth more to the city than its water supply." and he forthwith placed the great detec-tive in charge of a case in which pistol shots the evening before down on Bl odthirsty outlaws were again engaged in the wanton shooting of craps.

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated but very soon became disgusted and de S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderfi menced to recover at once, and after twelve bottles I was entirely cured WM.8 LOOMIS,

Shreveport, Louislana

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.